

## Perfectly Complete by Cheyenne\_6698

**Series:** [Perfectly Broken \[3\]](#)

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**Genre:** F/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

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**Summary:**

The final part of my Perfectly Broken series. Nancy and Jonathan now deal with questions about their relationship

## Perfectly Complete

### Author's Note:

The final part to my series! Just as a warning, the ending to this piece is smuttier than the others in the series, so you have been warned. I highly suggest that you read the other two parts before this one, but you don't have to. As always, I do not own Stranger Things otherwise Nancy and Jonathan would have ended up together. Now I hope you enjoy!

Nancy couldn't believe the day she was having. Mike had been having another one of his "campaign days, and Joyce, still not okay with Will being out of her sight, had sent Jonathan along to keep an eye on him. Which, of course, lead to him sneaking up to her room. It had been a while since they had been able to do anything, Nancy caught up in studying and Jonathan a finalist in a photography competition that she had convinced him to enter, so of course they were in a rush, which had lead them to forgetting to lock the door. Which had then led to a very awkward run in with Mike, Will, and her mother. Her mom had yelled, cried, then yelled some more, then cried some more. In the end, she had accepted them as a couple, saying she wouldn't tell Nancy's father or Joyce, but expected the teens to do it themselves as soon as possible. Which lead Nancy, Jonathan, and Will to where they were now: in Jonathan's car, on the way to the his house.

The car ride was so silent Nancy could literally feel the tension in the air. The Clash was playing quietly in the background, Jonathan's fingers tapping along with the beat on the steering wheel. Nancy smiled, she knew that if it hadn't been so weird in the car, Jonathan would have cranked the song up, banging his head instead of just tapping along. But he instead resigned himself to a little finger tap.

Finally, Will broke the silence. "I knew something was going on with you two."

Jonathan turned down the music completely now. "What do you mean, buddy?"

"You two have been acting strange ever since I got back. You shared this...look at the hospital. I thought it was because of what happened, that the boys were talking about Eleven, but then it kept happening, even when we weren't talking about what had happened. And then, every time I came to Nancy and Mike's, Jonathan, you came along, even when Mom said she would, but you'd insist you go. And then as soon as we got there, you'd just disappear. I knew you hadn't left because I could still see your car out in the driveway. Then there was the phone calls in the middle of the night, the sneaking out." Jonathan turned his head to look at Will, completely shocked about what his brother knew. "Don't look so surprised, big brother. You can be loud and clumsy when you get in a hurry, and your car isn't subtle either. Me and Mom figure out months ago that you were sneaking out and seeing someone. I just never put it together, how you were acting and your reaction around Nancy. Now I feel like an idiot."

"You're not an idiot, Will," Jonathan said. "Though I feel like one now, thinking I was getting away with it, with hiding mine and Nancy's relationship. You're not an idiot, I am."

"But why hide it at all? Are you ashamed of being together?" This was pointly directed at Nancy and made her finally look at the boy who most days she considered an adopted brother.

"Never. Me and your brother aren't ashamed of being together. I'm not ashamed." Nancy exchanged a look with her boyfriend and decided to be fully honest with Will. "We were afraid that my parents wouldn't approve, that they wouldn't let us be together, that they would think he wasn't good enough for me, and that couldn't be more wrong. He's the best thing that has ever happened to me, and I love your brother with all of my heart. And he feels the same way."

"So you're not ashamed?"

Jonathan laughed. "It's the opposite, buddy. And it wasn't Nancy that wanted to keep us quiet anyways, it was me. If it had been up to her, she would have yelled it from the rooftops when I officially asked her out."

This made Nancy laugh. "I still will, you idiot."

The friendly bantering between the couple made Will smile. It was good for Jonathan, being with Nancy. He couldn't remember the last time he had heard his brother laugh like that. Jonathan looked.....freer, like the burdens and stress he had been carrying around for so long had been lifted. Jonathan didn't seem as weighed down. Will didn't know how Mike felt, or anyone else for that matter, but he definitely shipped his brother and Nancy hard.

Pulling up the driveway, Will practically leaped out of the car, desperate to tell his mom about this new development with Jonathan and Nancy. He barely registered that there was another car in the drive, but Nancy and Jonathan sure did. It was the Chief's car. There was no reason for Hopper to come by anymore, now that Will had been found. Unless..... Jonathan had a feeling he knew why, and just as Will was opening the front door, he yelled out, "Wait, Will!"

It was too late though. Will had burst through, only to see his mom and the police chief all tangled up on the couch, kissing. It was not unlike the situation Will had found himself in earlier with Jonathan and Nancy. Twice in one day, he was having rotten luck. "MOM?" The two adults jerked apart as if burned, staring at the preteen and then the two teens who came through the door holding hands.

Joyce stared at where Jonathan and Nancy's fingers were intertwined. "Jonathan?"

"Mom, I think we need to talk."

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Later, much later, Jonathan pulled Nancy into his room. It had been a much longer conversation than he had originally thought it would be, but of course they had also talked about his mom and the Chief, not just him and Nancy. It was long and embarrassing, but both Byers's were supportive of the others relationship. Jonathan collapsed on his bed and wiped his hands down his face. "This was not the day I thought it would be when I woke up."

Nancy cuddled up close to him. "Me neither, though I must say that it's a relief to be out in the open. No more sneaking around or hiding. I can do this," she leaned over and pressed a kiss to his lips, "out in the public now. Our families know and accept us. Everything is

good."

Jonathan rolled over on his side, leaning his head on one hand while the other gently tracing designs on her stomach. "We haven't told your dad yet."

Nancy rolled over to face him. "I'm not worried about him." She looped her arms around his neck and wrapped one of her legs around his hips. "And neither should you. Now I believe we were in the middle of something earlier." Just like that, her lips were on his.

Gently, she rolled him onto his back, straddling his hips. Nancy began to sit up, and Jonathan followed her, desperate to keep their lips connected. His fingers fumbled with the buttons going down the front of the plaid Nancy was wearing, Nancy's own fingers pulling at the back of his shirt, yanking it up. They pulled apart for him to jerk the tee over his head, while Nancy shrugged hers off her shoulders. Jonathan stopped when he noticed the color of her bra. As far as Jonathan had known, Nancy only ever wore pink and white cotton underwear, what good girls were supposed to wear. Now, though she was wearing black lace and Jonathan knew it was for him.

"Do you like it?" Nancy seemed almost shy about it, looking at him, imploring for him to say something. "Jonathan?" His only response was to crush her lips to his before pressing kisses down her neck and burying his face in her cleavage. He began to suck as he kissed, leaving red marks on the sweet curve of her breasts, leaving his mark on her.

Nancy groaned, burying her hands in his hair, tugging him closer. Jonathan slid his hands along her back until he got to the clasp, with all of the practice he had gotten the last few months, it was easy. As soon as the straps and cups slipped away from her skin, Jonathan was on her. Taking her nipple in his mouth, he suckled like a small child. Nancy let loose another one of those precious gasps of hers, pulling him even tighter against her. "Harder," she begged. "Please, Jonathan. Harder." With that he took her nipple between his teeth, rolling it like a grape before flicking at it with his tongue. Nancy's hips began moving, grinding down, rotating against his hardness. One of his hands moved down from where it had been cupping her breast, and slipped beneath her waistband. She was hot and wet, soaking his

fingers as soon as they burrowed between her thighs. Nancy let loose a whimper when he flicked at her little button before sinking a finger inside her tight sheath. Nancy gasped grinding down even harder as he began to move in the little space that her jeans allowed. When she cried out for more, what little control Jonathan had left.

He flipped them over before moving to stand at the foot of the bed, just taking in the amazing sight that was his girlfriend. Her lips were swollen from his kisses, her hair a mess from his hands. Her breasts were covered in red marks from his mouth. She was a goddess, and she was holding her arms out for him. He reached for the button of her pants, and she got the idea, quickly undoing it and the zipper while trying to shimmy out of them. Jonathan grabbed the bottoms and tugged moving her closer to the edge, but freeing her. His own were quickly on the floor, and he joined her once more on the bed. Nancy's thighs parted naturally to let him lay between them, and he slid in between without a thought. It felt like coming home. She gasped and clawed at his back, as he thrust harder and harder, lifting her legs over his arms. Nancy gasped and cried out, not caring if anyone else heard her. She scratched and bit at his shoulders as she came closer and closer to the edge. And he knew the exact moment she did. He could feel her tighten around him, it felt so sweet, so good, he couldn't stop himself from spilling inside her.

He collapsed against her, his head pillowed on her breast. Normally he would roll off, afraid of crushing her. But her arms locked around him, not letting him move. Nancy sleepily ran her hands through his hair, pressing a kiss to the top of his head. "I love you", she managed before falling asleep.

Jonathan pulled himself up to press a kiss to her lips, whispering, "I love you too," before curling up behind her, molding her sleepy body to his. Nancy was right, it felt good to be out in the open, to be accepted. He wanted to shout, to yell, to tell all of Hawkins that the most perfect girl in the world was his, but he couldn't bring himself to pull away from Nancy or risk waking her up. Jonathan yawned, maybe he'd do that in the morning. Right now, he could sleep, because for the first time in his life, he felt perfectly complete.

**Author's Note:**

The end! I am so excited about the response that I've been getting from these stories and I really hope that you've enjoyed them. Feel free to comment or email me what you thought and any suggestions or ideas for future pieces. I promise to respond as quickly as I can to them. Until next time, keep the good vibes strong!

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